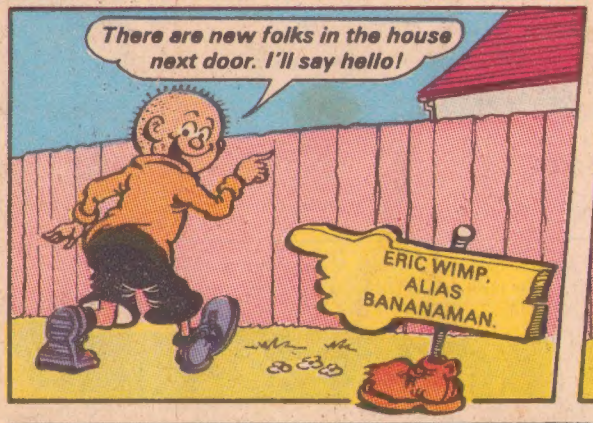
The comic with THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS
PAGES 8 AND 9

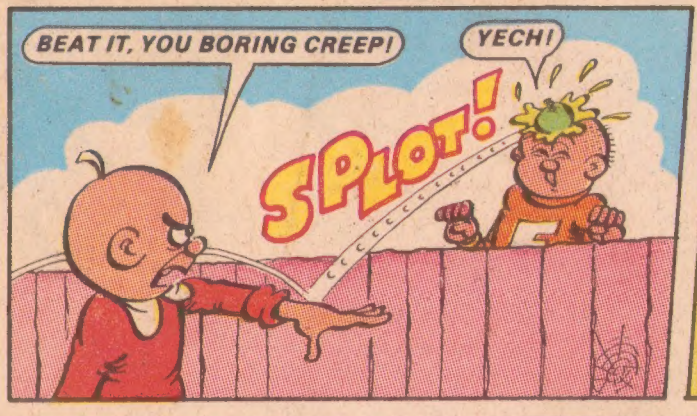
NUTTY

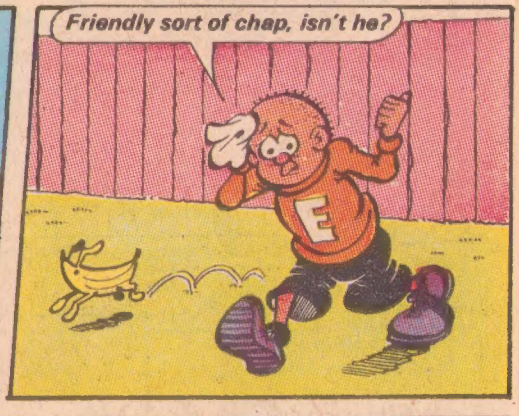
FEBRUARY 7th, 1981 No. 52 EVERY SATURDAY 10p

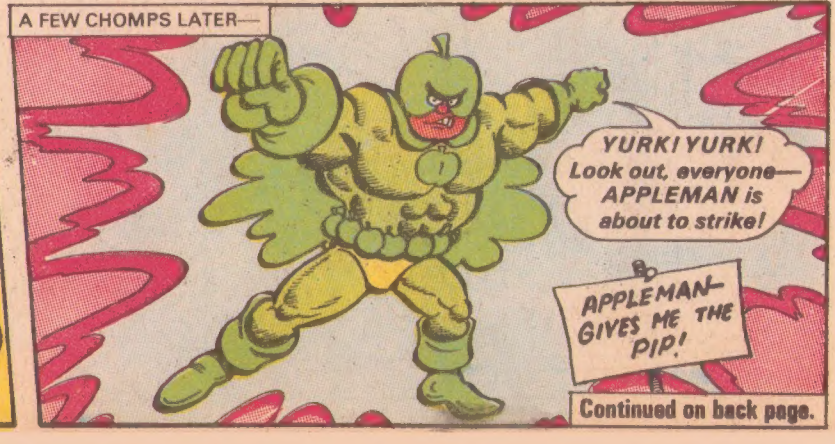
AMAZING CHANGES TAKE PLACE WHEN SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

BANANAMAN









Continued on back page.

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

GURR! I hate going to school! I can't wait until I grow up and have a job!

I think I'll be a zoo keeper so I can be with all my favourite cuddly animals . . .

Eh? Koala bears? YOUR favourite?

READER'S VOICE

. . . The snakes and crocodiles! HUR! HUR!

And how are my slimy friends today?

Then again, it might be fun to be a Sergeant Major in the army. Bossing people about—great!

All right! All right, you 'orrible shower! Get smartened up! You're a positive disgrace to your uniforms!

I say! Is that bounder talking to us, General?

I rather think he is, Field Marshal!

Move along now!

HUR! HUR! I could even get a job as a toy designer! . . .

. . . Designing nasty, destructive toys!

Wait a minute! I know the perfect job for me—the Editor of NUTTY!

Anyone want a new pencil?

EDITOR

Just imagine all that respect and adoring!

Can I have it, sir?

No! Me, please, Mr Jay R.!

I need a new one, your Editorness!

What a job! I'll be famous . . . rich! RICH! I'll clean up! HUR! HUR!

SCHOOL

I've got a job for you, Jay R.!

Eh? What's that?

You're just the person to get rid of those muddy footprints all over my spotless floor!

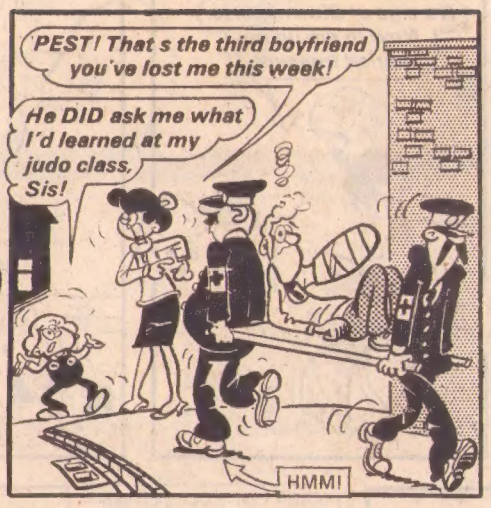
GULP! Yes, Mr Janitor!

NTY 7.2.81

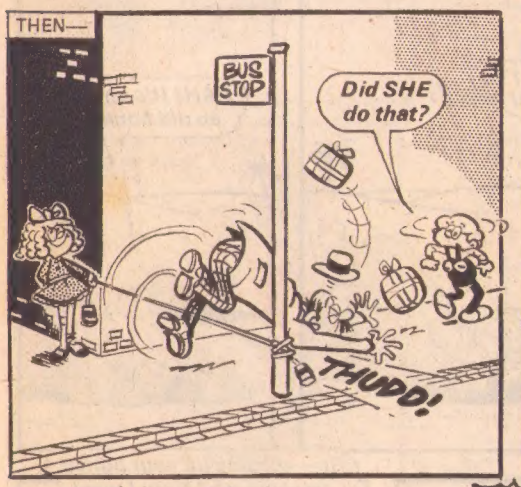
JAY R. SURE IS CLEANING UP NOW!

The first reader to laugh at me gets his NUTTY stopped when I'm the Editor!

PETER Pest

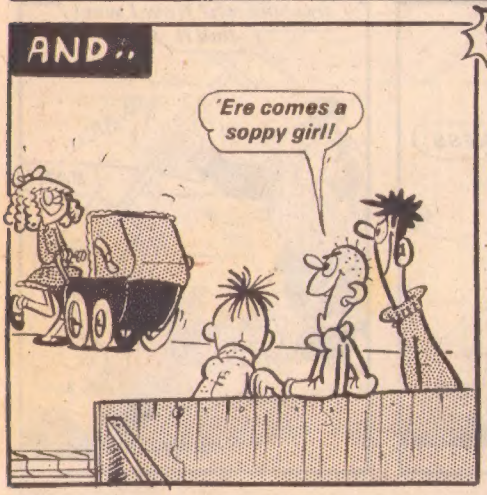

PEST! That s the third boyfriend you've lost me this week!
He DID ask me what I'd learned at my judo class, Sis!
HMM!

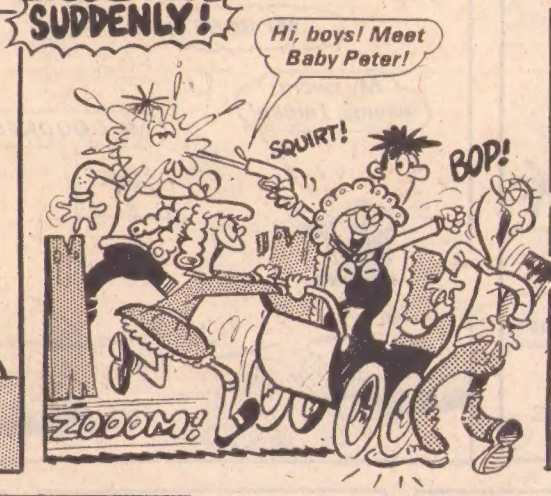
LATER..
BUS STOP
Hi! I'm Cindy! Come and play with me!
No way! I don't play with soppy girls!
CINDY

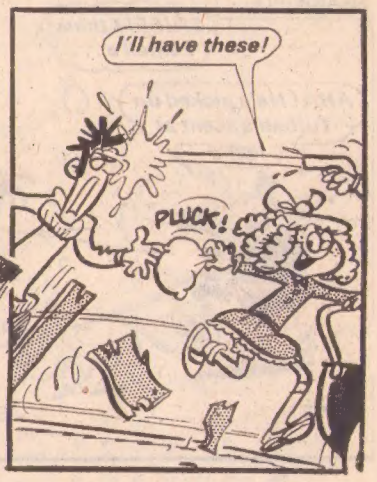

THEN—
BUS STOP
Did SHE do that?
THUDD!

LITTLE HORROR!
Er—perhaps we could play together, Cindy!

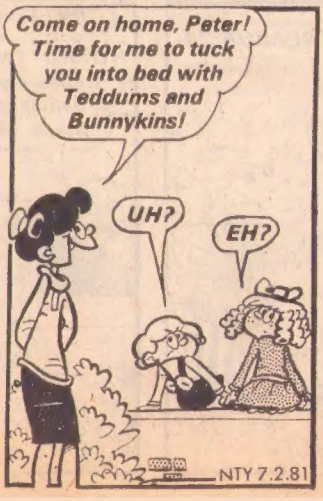
LATER..
Right! Let's play mother and baby, Peter!
Coo! Peter's gone all soft!
G.P.O
Yes! Let's!


AND..
'Ere comes a soppy girl!


SUDDENLY!
Hi, boys! Meet Baby Peter!
SQUIRT!
BOP!
ZOOOM!


I'll have these!
PLUCK!

We make a great team, Cindy! Never thought I'd be friends with a girl!
MUNCH!


Come on home, Peter! Time for me to tuck you into bed with Teddums and Bunnykins!
UH?
EH?
NTY 7.2.81

Cuddly toys and early to bed? UGH! And I thought you were so tough, Peter! Cheerio!
No! It's not true! Wait...
GULP!

Rotter! You drove away the first girl I ever liked!
Serves you right, after all my boyfriends you've driven away!

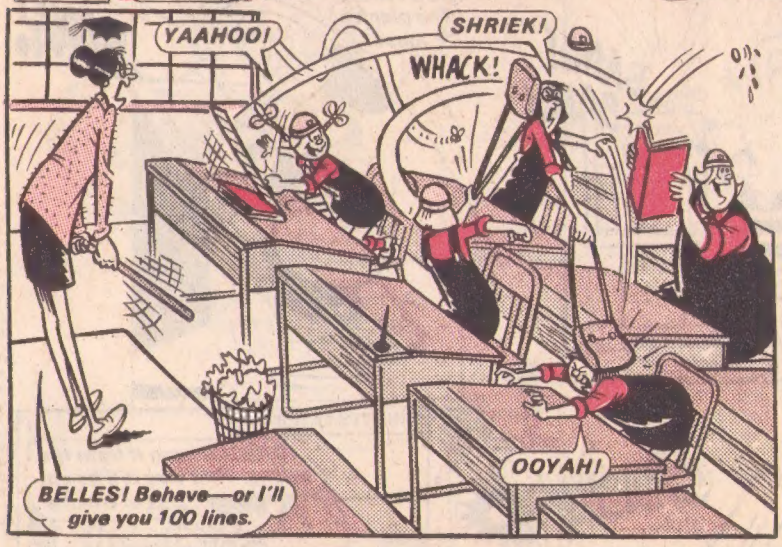
DICK TURBAN
DESERT HIGHWAYMAN
WANTED
REWARD FROM CAPITAINE BLOWNAPARTE, FORT CORTINA
That's me, folks. Yuk! Yuk!
No sign of Blownaparte. Now to dig up my buried treasure.
OH, NO! Just my luck. They're right beside the spot where I buried my treasure.
Still—no sense in me bothering about them. This is the spot, I think.
DIG! DIG! DIG!
MANY POT-HOLES LATER—
AT LAST! I've found it!
CLUNK!
BUT—
PAH! It's only an old bone.
MEANWHILE—
SNIFF! I think I smell a . . .
AHA! He's picked up Turban's scent at last.
SNIFF! SNIFF!
. . . MY BONE!
My sworn enemy, Turban!
MY GOODNESS!
ZOOM!
So—digging up your buried treasure, eh? Now I weel find it.
SNATCH!
BAH!
SLURP!
HEH! HEH! All that loot you have kept hidden from me all those years.
DIG! DIG! DIG!
SNORE!
NTY 7.2.81
SHRIEK! MY TREASURE!
HELP!
OO—ER!?!
GRR! Bury me, would you?
HO! HO! THAT buried treasure was very valuable to me there, readers.
TWEET! TWEET!
SOCK!
My treasure! You're all right.

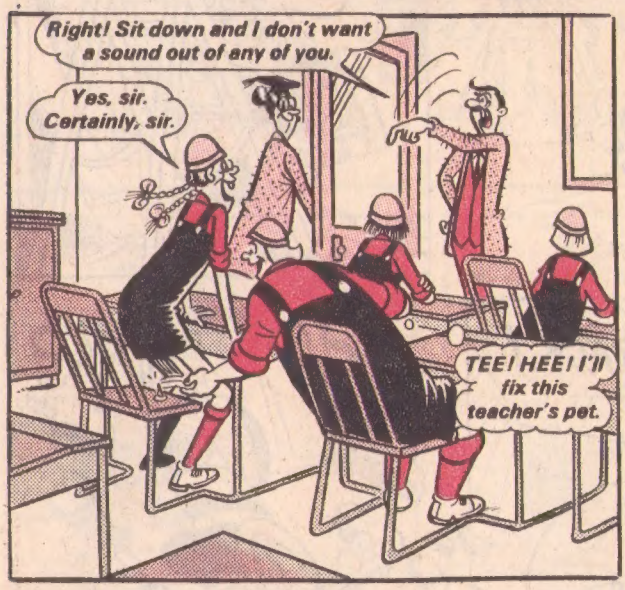
DOODLEBUG

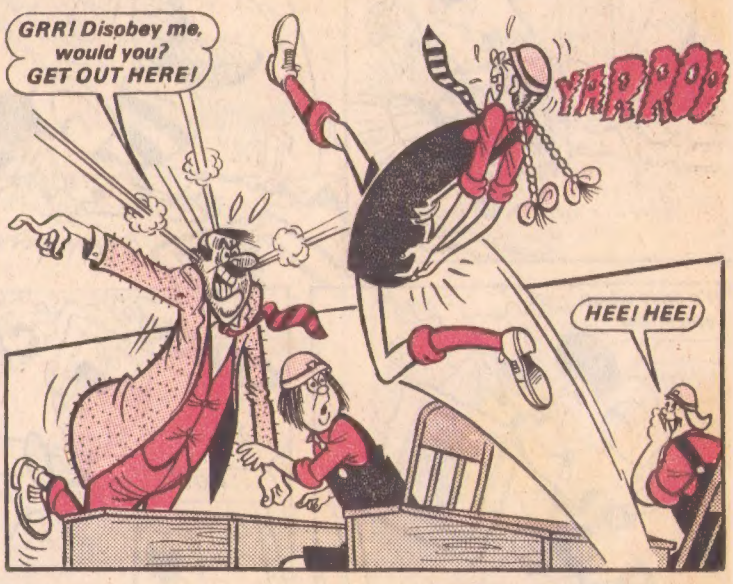
I've finished my latest doodle. Now all I've got to do is frame it and hang it up.
SO—
BANG! BANG!
Here should do nicely.
OOYAH! The plank's loose!
BANG!
OOH! I'll try hanging it over here.
WOW!
CRASH!
TRIP
MINUTES LATER—
GRR! I'll hang it from the ceiling. That way it'll be out of trouble.
It's easy when you know . . .
WOBBLE
CRACK!
CRACK!
. . . HOW-LL!
UNNGH!
KERRASH!
I'm not giving up. I'll hang it up here.
BANG! BANG!
SUDDENLY—
What's all the banging about in here?
CRASH!
DOOPH!
Now THERE'S the perfect place for it to hang.
DUH! What did I say wrong?
SMASH!
NTY 7.2.81

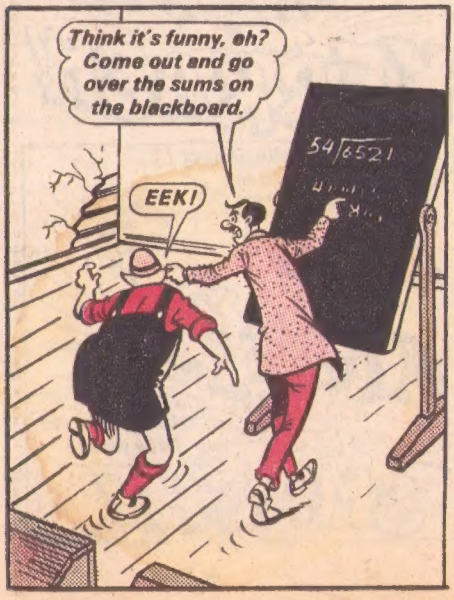
The School Belles

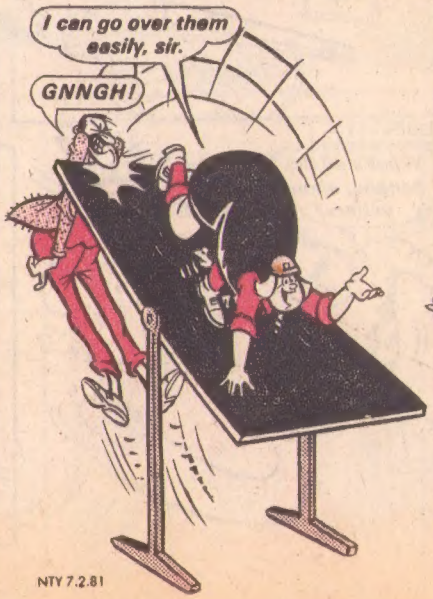
DAISY VIOLET ROSE MARIGOLD

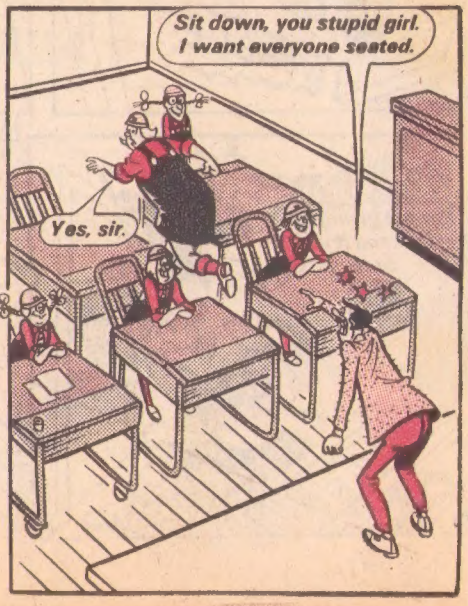












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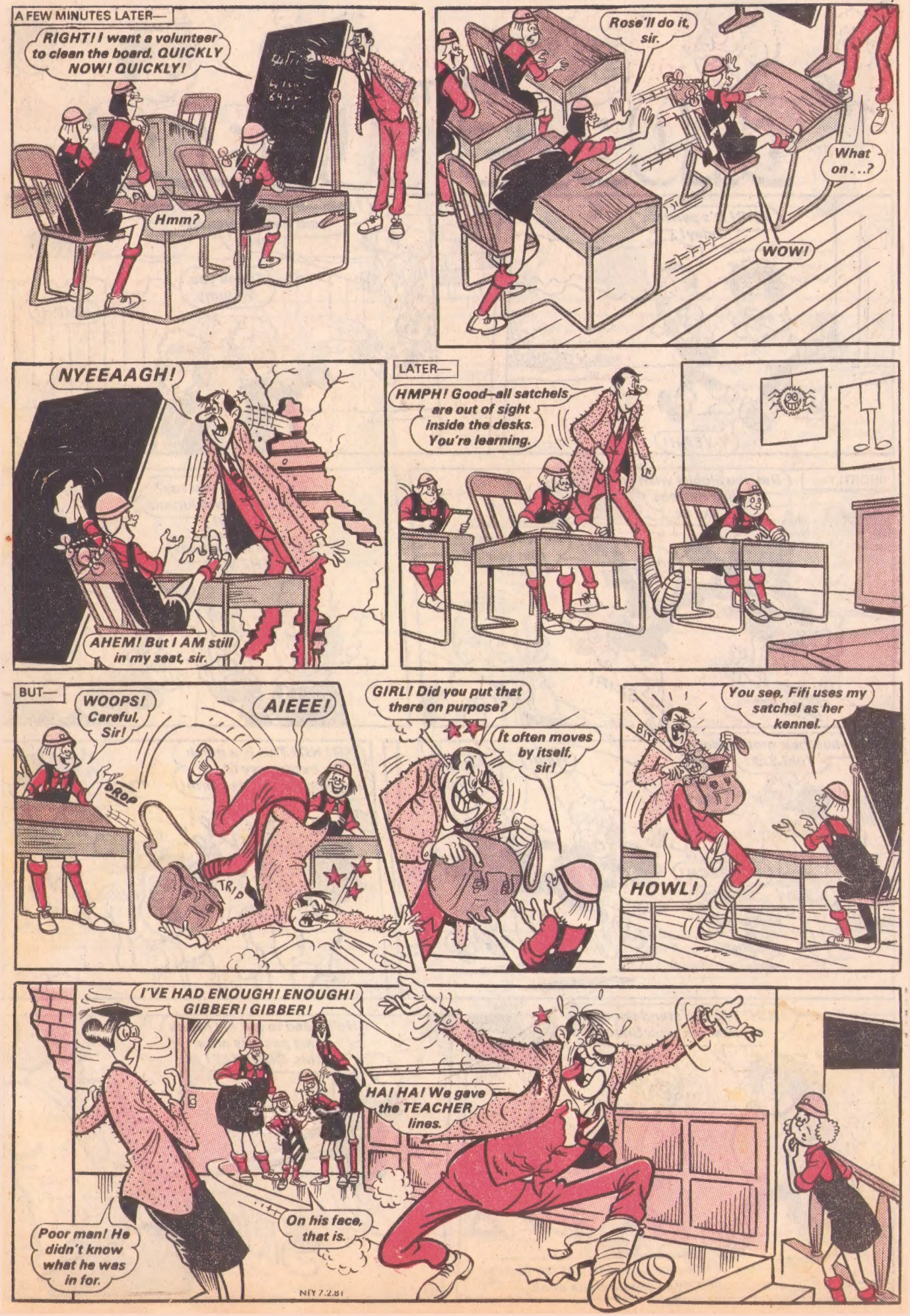
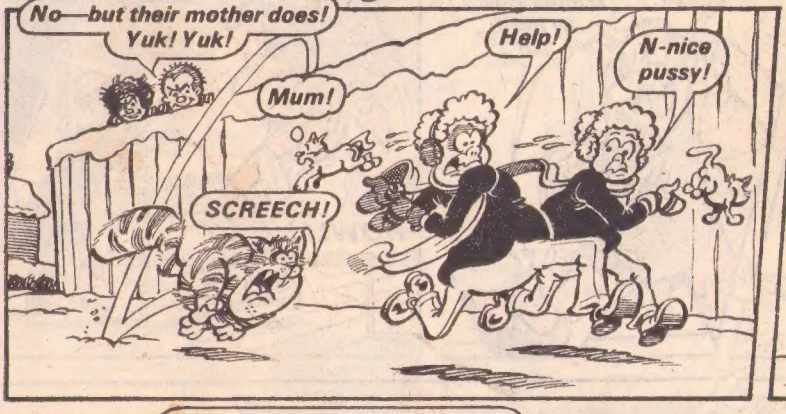
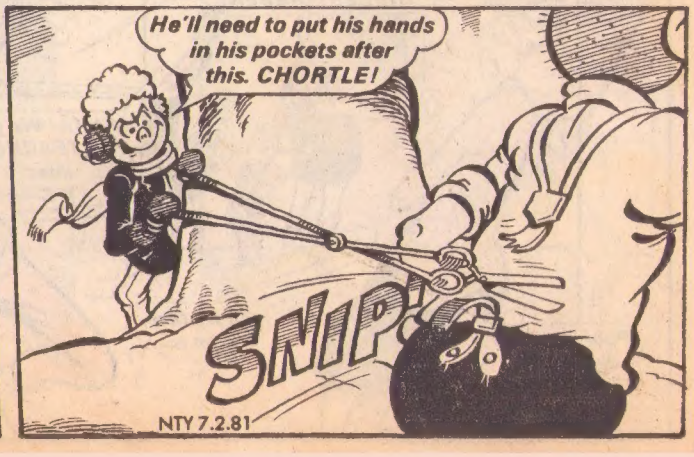
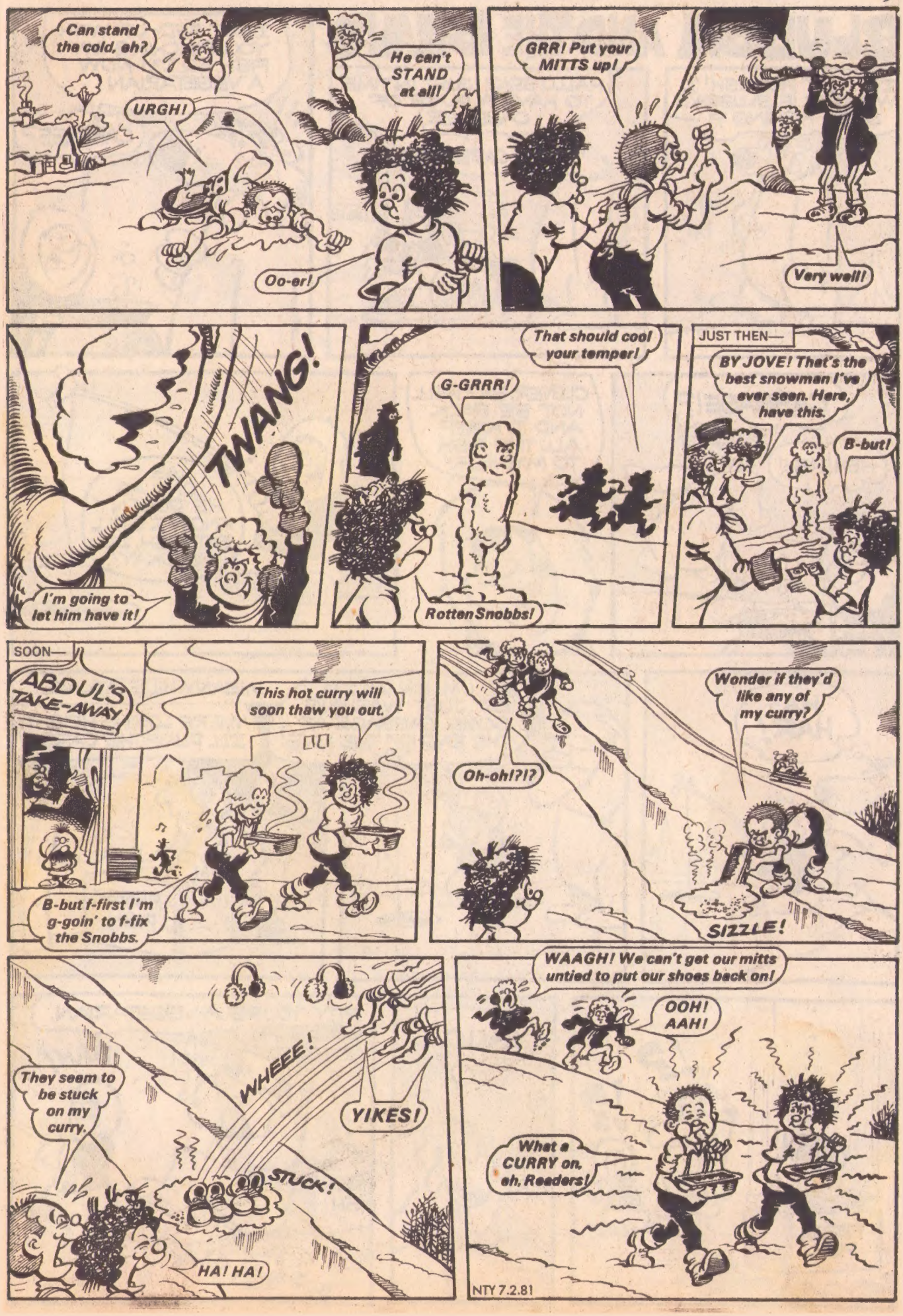

A FEW MINUTES LATER—
RIGHT! I want a volunteer to clean the board. QUICKLY NOW! QUICKLY!
Hmm?
Rose'll do it, sir.
What on...?
WOW!
NYEEAAGH!
AHEM! But I AM still in my seat, sir.
LATER—
HMPH! Good—all satchels are out of sight inside the desks. You're learning.
BUT—
WOOPS! Careful, Sir!
AIEEE!
GIRL! Did you put that there on purpose?
It often moves by itself, sir!
You see, Fifi uses my satchel as her kennel.
BITE
HOWL!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! ENOUGH! GIBBER! GIBBER!
HA! HA! We gave the TEACHER lines.
On his face, that is.
Poor man! He didn't know what he was in for.
NIY 7.2.81

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS






Can stand the cold, eh?
He can't STAND at all!
URGH!
Oo-er!
GRR! Put your MITTS up!
Very well!
TWANG!
I'm going to let him have it!
That should cool your temper!
G-GRRR!
RottenSnobbs!
JUST THEN—
BY JOVE! That's the best snowman I've ever seen. Here, have this.
B-but!
SOON—
ABDUL'S TAKE-AWAY
This hot curry will soon thaw you out.
B-but f-first I'm g-goin' to f-fix the Snobbs.
Oh-oh!?!?
Wonder if they'd like any of my curry?
SIZZLE!
They seem to be stuck on my curry.
WHEEE!
YIKES!
STUCK!
HA! HA!
WAAGH! We can't get our mitts untied to put our shoes back on!
OOH! AAH!
What a CURRY on, eh, Readers!
NTY 7.2.81

BLUBBA AND THE BEAR

I'M A BIT PECKISH! I WONDER IF BLUBBA'S BEEN FISHING?
PAT! PAT!
HALLO BEAR! JUST IN TIME TO HAVE A PLATE OF CABBAGE!
CABBAGE?
I GOT FED-UP WITH YOU PINCHING MY FISH, SO I'M NOW A VEGETARIAN!
CABBAGE?
CABBAGE!?
HEH! HEH!
CLEVER, EH? HE'LL NOT BE BACK AND I KEEP ALL THE FISH TO MYSELF!
AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T KNOW I STILL EAT FISH, I'LL BE OKAY!
HA-HAR!
ER... UM... HALLO! I'M... ER... JUST WASHING SOME CABBAGE AT THE END OF THIS LINE!
MEANWHILE, ABOVE...
WE'RE LOSING HEIGHT! I'LL DUMP THE CARGO!
FRESH FISH
CRASH!
!?
!?
FRESH FISH
NTY 7.2.81
HALLO!
PITY YOU'RE A VEGETARIAN, BLUBBA!
BAH!
FRESH FISH

SPORTS FAN

'SME!

GREAT! United are in town today! I'll be able to see my hero, Emlyn Huge, the biggest back in football!

I've got a life-size pin-up of Emlyn in my room!

Well, I did say he's the BIGGEST back in football!

Can I have money to go to the match, Dad?

No!

Eh? It's not like Fan to give up so easily!

READER'S VOICE

GASP! She'll wreck my greenhouse! Must get rid of her!

Phew! Stopped her just in time!

Dad's no MATCH for me!

I'll soon be watching Emlyn in action!

THEN—

That's the best bit of defending I've ever seen, Emlyn!

MY HERO! He must be round the corner!

EMLYN! Can I . . ? ULP! It was a defence in court they were talking about!

COURT

Scruffy child! What does she want?

WHOOSH!

SOON

STADIUM

Won't be long till I'm watching Emlyn!

Why the long face, Fan? Can't you see the biggest back in football?

READER'S VOICE

THAT'S the only big back I can see! The copper's blocking my view of the pitch!

NTY 7.2.81

THE WILD ROVERS

HUNK MAGNUS PEEK SINGH SONGH PATCH LADY

DOGSBODY SILLY VILLY TAFF HAGGIS BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

Er . . . about those strays, The Wild Rovers, well I haven't caught them yet, Boss, but . . .

THUMP!

I HATE DOGS

GAAH! No more excuses, Crumb! Catch 'em, or . . .

. . . It's the BOOT for you!

Y-yes, Boss!

LATER—

OOH! My tummy hurts because it's empty!

My head hurts!

SILLY VILLY

Aye! An' it's empty too!

THEN—

SLUR-R-RP! I don't believe it!

It CAN'T be real!

LEAP!

The biggest bone in the World!

GNNNNNNFF! It's covered in glue! My teeth are stuck!

The inside of my trick bone's made of metal, doggies! GOING UP!

CRASH!

No so fast, mate!

YERK!

BURBLE!

Me an' Mickey don't like cruelty to dumb animals!

HANDEL TWIST, ORGAN GRINDER!

But we've nothing against cruelty to humans! Have we, Mickey?

URK!

Let me at 'im!

SHORTLY, BUT IT SEEMED LIKE A LONG TIME TO BASIL . . .

BIG DUMB APE! I'll have to be extra-crafty now!

LATER—

Poor old Basil! That ape didn't half sort him out!

Yes! It was . . .

It was what, Lady? LADY? She's gone!

JINGS! Afore oor very eyes!

This hang-glider will keep me away from that ape!

SOON—

Now to hook me another stray!

GULP! A flying dog-catcher!

GOTCHA, HUNK!

ZOOM!

HOOK!

BUT—

OH, NO! He's too heavy! I'm losing control!

NTY 7.2.81

BUS STOP

YAAAH!

UMMF!

EEK!

SPLAT!

OH-OH! LOOK WHO BASIL'S BUMPED INTO AGAIN!

Got you!

You've upset Mickey! He'll not be able to perform now, so . . .

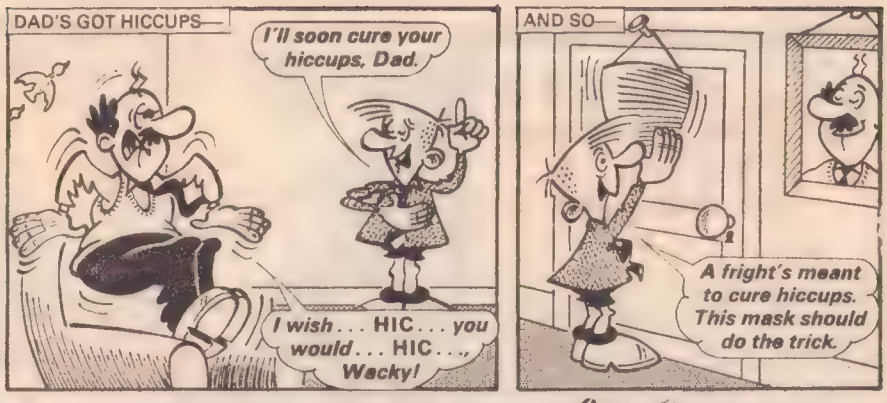
Basil mak's a braw monkey!

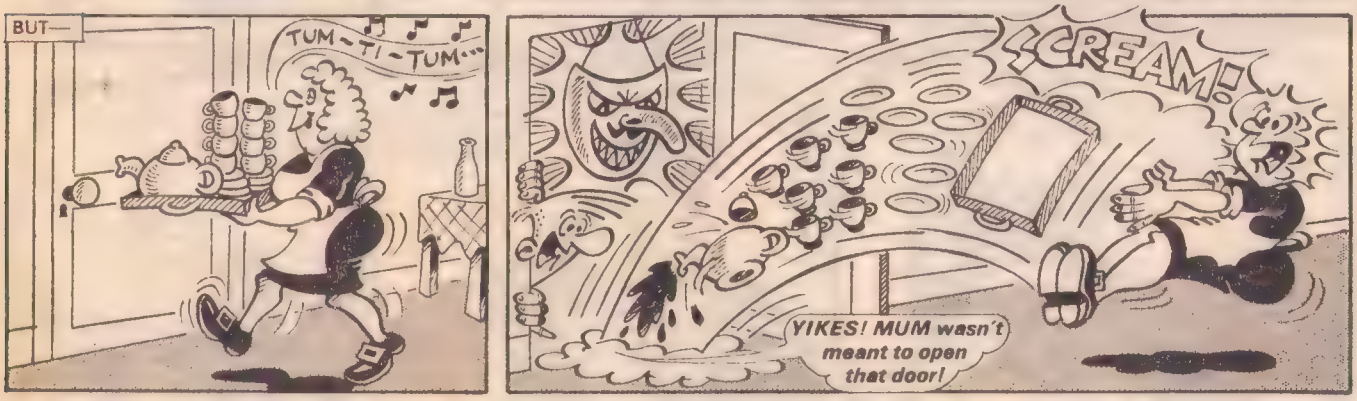
Give 'im a banana!

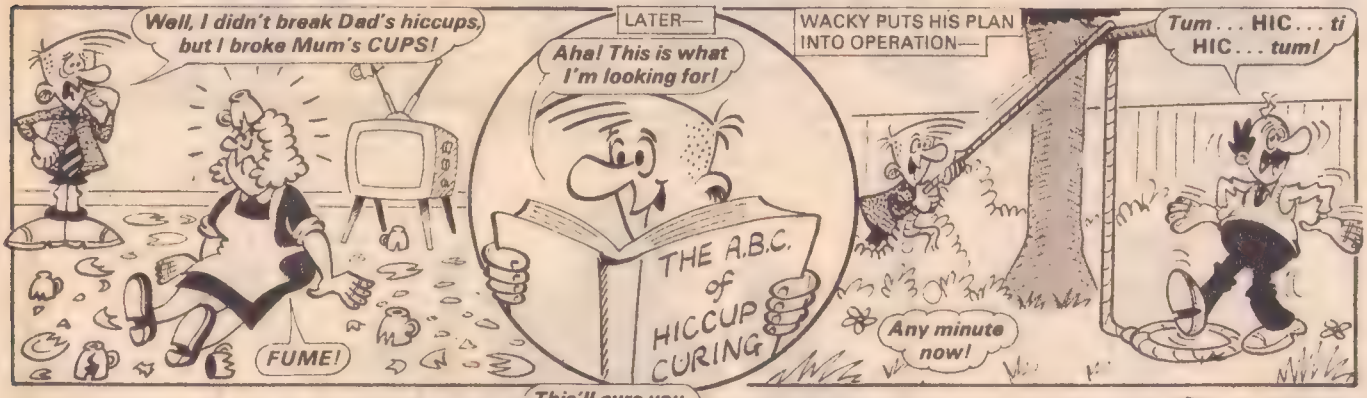
GURR! They've made a monkey out of me as usual!

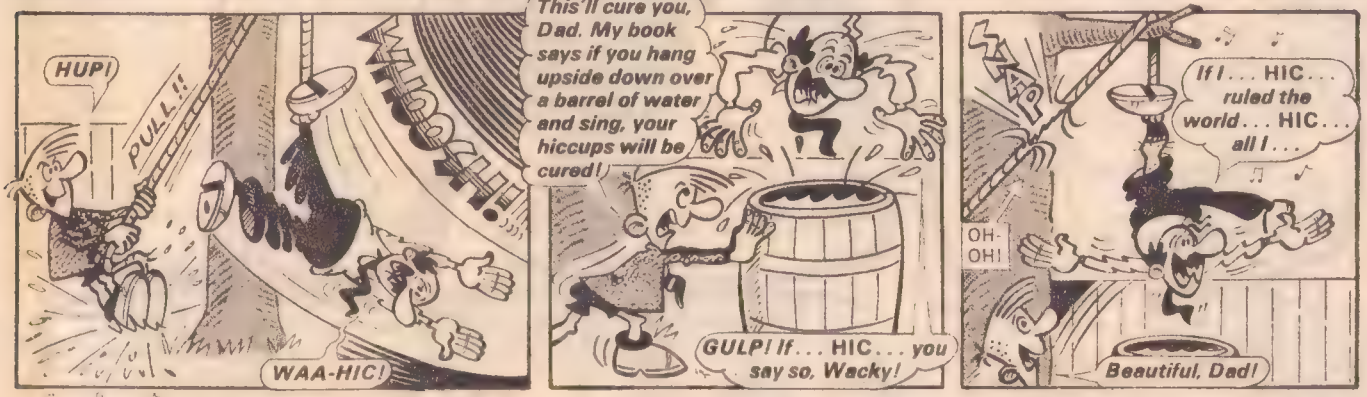
SAMUEL CREEPS
YOO-HOO! You crowd are as ugly as wilted daisies!
CREEPS COTTAGE
GURR! Let's teach that cheeky softy a lesson!
This will put Creeps in his place!
FIRE!!!
That will flatten him!
I may be soft, but I'm nimble!
PLOP!
THEN—
You lot couldn't hit a barn door!
SAMUEL RETREATS AGAIN—
WHUMF!
Tee-hee! Missed!
The snowball's growing nice and big!
Bull's-eye!
FLUMP!
Now for the finishing touches!
Let's get Creeps!
BUT—
Stand aside, scruff! I've an appointment with Master Creeps!
UH? Who's he?
Marvy! That's definitely the best one I've seen today!
You're TOO kind, sir!
NTY 7 2 81
We were tricked!
I hereby award you first prize in the Softy Snowman Competition.
And I didn't have to touch that terribly cold snow!

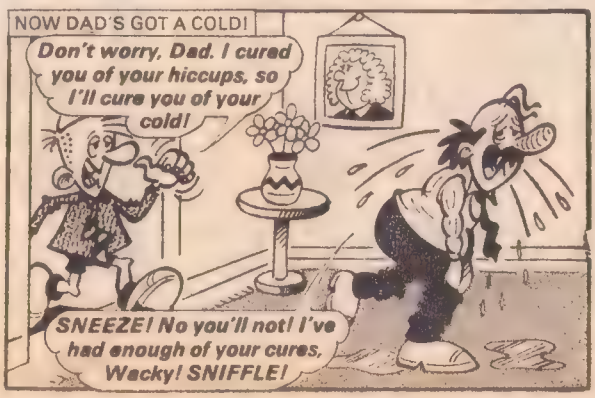
WACKY The CRACKPOT INVENTOR


DAD'S GOT HICCUPS—
I'll soon cure your hiccups, Dad.
I wish . . . HIC . . . you would . . . HIC . . ., Wacky!
AND SO—
A fright's meant to cure hiccups. This mask should do the trick.




Well, I didn't break Dad's hiccups, but I broke Mum's CUPS!
FUME!
LATER—
Aha! This is what I'm looking for!
THE A.B.C. of HICCUP CURING
WACKY PUTS HIS PLAN INTO OPERATION—
Tum . . . HIC . . . ti HIC . . . tum!
Any minute now!


HUP!
PULL!!
WHOOSH!
WAA-HIC!
This'll cure you, Dad. My book says if you hang upside down over a barrel of water and sing, your hiccups will be cured!
GULP! If . . . HIC . . . you say so, Wacky!
WZZP
If I . . . HIC . . . ruled the world . . . HIC . . . all I . . .
OH-OH!
Beautiful, Dad!


NOW DAD'S GOT A COLD!
Don't worry, Dad. I cured you of your hiccups, so I'll cure you of your cold!
SNEEZE! No you'll not! I've had enough of your cures, Wacky! SNIFFLE!

NTY 7.2.81

STEEVIE STAR

IN

"Mutiny On The Boaty"

THE DIARY OF MR CRISPIAN, FIRST MATE ABOARD "THE BOATY"—

JAN 31st
LOOKING BACK I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THERE WOULD BE TROUBLE WHEN I BOARDED THE BOATY, AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH CAPTAIN BLAH!

INK

THERE WAS SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT HIS EYES...
...THEY KEPT LOOKING AT EACH OTHER!

Men!...

HE SAID HE WAS A FAIR MAN...

...If we break anything you'll have to pay for it!

HMM!

C.OOG!

...BUT WE SOON LEARNED HE HAD A TERRIBLE TEMPER!

Anything the matter, Captain?

CRASH! FUME! RAVE! RAVE!

Someone's stolen my rubber duck. Find the culprit and throw the book at him, Mr Crispian!

Er... couldn't I just waggle a rolled-up newspaper at him?

Whoever stole my duck will get fifty strokes of the CAT!

I'm afraid it WAS the cat. He thought it was a real duck!

SOAP

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE CREW BEGAN TO MUTTER AMONG THEMSELVES!

RHUBARB! RHUBARB! MUTTER MUTTER

AND I WAS BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THE CAPTAIN WAS LOSING HIS MARBLES!

CRACK

CRUNCH

NOT FAIR! Using cannonballs is cheating!

ONCE I OVERHEARD SOME CREWMEN TALKING...

I've had enough! I can't stomach any more!

Me neither! We'll have to get rid of him!

!

Oh-oh!

NTY 7.2.81

Shall we keelhaul him, slit his gizzard and feed him to the sharks?
No, we've got to be tough! If he doesn't see reason, we'll hide his copy of NUTTY!
GULP!
That's settled then—the food improves or the COOK'S got to go!
And we may as well get rid of the Captain while we're at it!
GASP!
What's that? MUTINY?
I TOOK MY FEARS TO THE CAPTAIN!
A.B. SEA OF SAILING
Captain! Some of the crew are revolting!
They're ALL REVOLTING! They haven't had a bath for weeks!
No, Captain—I mean they're on the point of mutiny!
MUTINY?!! This calls for strong action! Cancel the jelly-baby rations!
IT WAS THE LAST STRAW FOR AN ANGRY CREW!
We're planning a mutiny. Are you with us?
Me—an officer and a gentleman? NEVER!
I COULD SEE THEIR POINT OF VIEW... ...EVEN UPSIDE DOWN!
If you don't join us, you'll walk the plank!
SHAKE!
SHAKE!
GULP! Anyone got a spare water pistol?
I LED THE MEN TO THE CAPTAIN...
We think you're unfit to command, Captain!
SNIFF!
Me? KOFF-KOFF! Unfit? ACHOOO! Nonsense!
You'll pay for this, you mutinous dogs!
No, Captain—YOU'RE going to pay...
... Yes, Captain—you're paying for another hour!
COME IN NUMBER 21!
CHUG!
9
21
And this time, I'm going to be Long John Silver!
NUTTYLAND PARK
HIRE A BOAT
LOTS OF MODELS
£1 AN HOUR
FANCY DRESS EXTRA!
NTY 7.2.81

SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

That's me, folks!

EDITOR! SCOOPY!

C-coming, Boss.

Crawler!

Scoopy, I've been a bit hard on you in the past.

PAT! PAT!

Oh, have you, sir?

But that's all going to change!

He must be ill!

From now on . . .

I'M GOING TO BE A LOT HARDER!!!

That's more like Chiefy!

Chris Bobbington is climbing Ben Konoki today. Get me the story!

Y-yes, Boss.

SO—

AAH! There he is— I'll give him a call.

HALLO!!

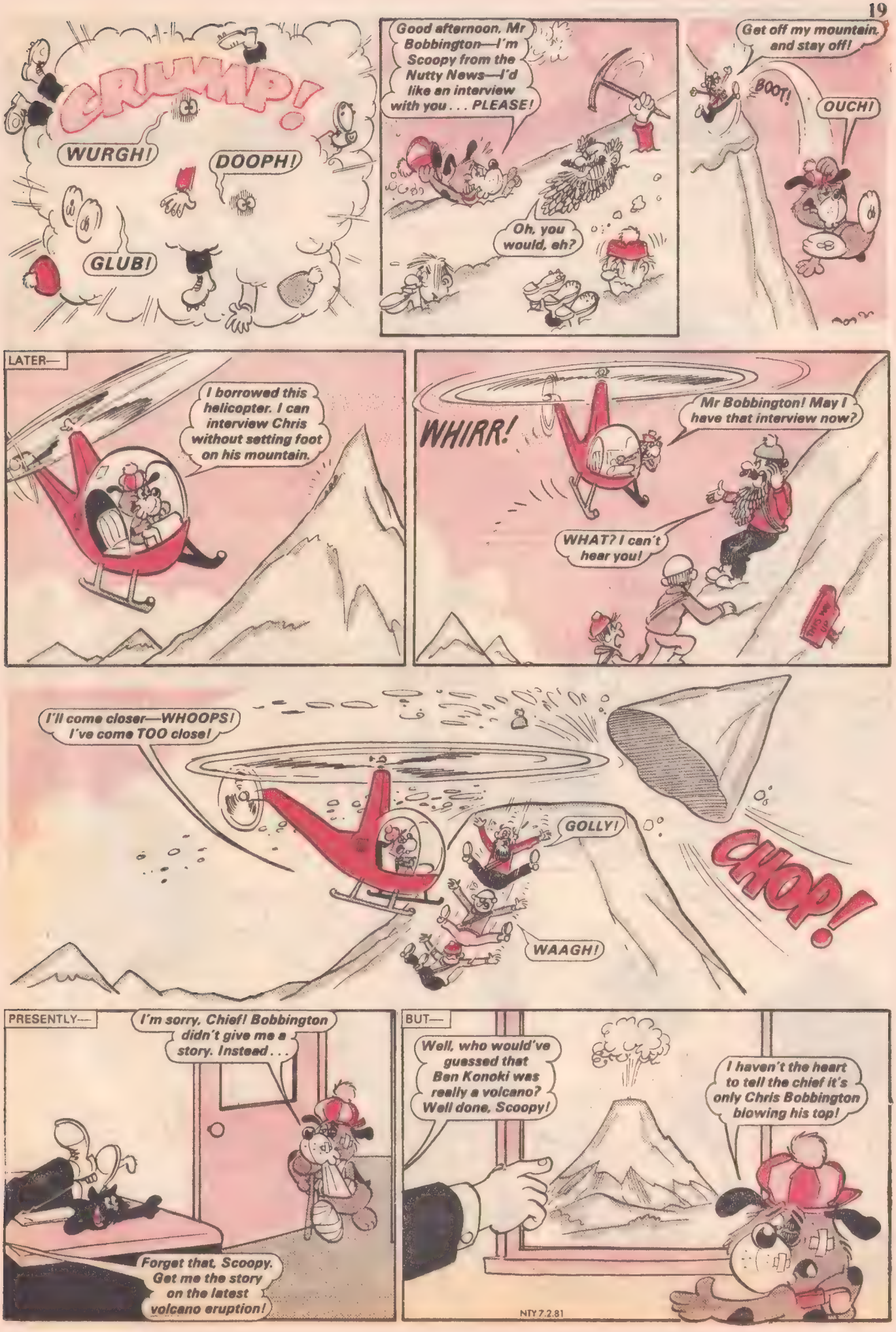
EEK! Who's that?

RUMBLE!

AVALANCHE! Run for it, Chops!

WOW! What have I done?

NTY 7.2.81


CRUMP!
WURGH!
DOOPH!
GLUB!
Good afternoon, Mr Bobbington—I'm Scoopy from the Nutty News—I'd like an interview with you . . . PLEASE!
Oh, you would, eh?
Get off my mountain, and stay off!
BOOT!
OUCH!
LATER—
I borrowed this helicopter. I can interview Chris without setting foot on his mountain.
WHIRR!
Mr Bobbington! May I have that interview now?
WHAT? I can't hear you!
I'll come closer—WHOOPS! I've come TOO close!
GOLLY!
WAAGH!
CHOP!
PRESENTLY—
I'm sorry, Chief! Bobbington didn't give me a story. Instead . . .
Forget that, Scoopy. Get me the story on the latest volcano eruption!
BUT—
Well, who would've guessed that Ben Konoki was really a volcano? Well done, Scoopy!
I haven't the heart to tell the chief it's only Chris Bobbington blowing his top!
NTY 7.2.81

JACK FLASH

Jack Flash, the amazing flying boy from Mercury, was on a visit to Earth. Flying over the English countryside, he had stumbled on a country mansion where a mysterious army was undergoing training. Captured, he managed to escape and flew to the nearest British Army camp to raise the alarm.

Jack swooped down in front of the soldiers—

What on . . ?

I'd like a quiet word with you, sir!

In the Commanding Officer's office—

All right, flying boy. I want an explanation for disrupting my parade—and it had better be good!

Oh, don't worry, sir! It will be!

Jack told the whole story—

Complete and utter rubbish! I've never heard such . . .

But . . . but . . !

Just then—

SIR! SIR! You're never going to believe this! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

That'll be the army I was telling you about, sir!

I'll take a closer look!

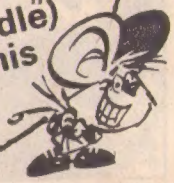
BY THE STARS! Knock-out gas! Our men don't stand a chance!

NTY 7.2.81

Undaunted by the gas, Jack swooped to attack—
AAGH!
JACK FLASH TO THE RESCUE!
Have a taste of your own knock-out gas, friend!
With Jack lying unconscious on the ground, the attackers stormed forward, scenting victory.
But—
KLUNK!
Take that, flying boy!
UNNGH!
Later, when Jack recovered consciousness—
OOH! MY HEAD! What happened?
That secret army you told us about destroyed the whole camp, flying boy. They also left a message!
May I see it?
" This was only a dummy run. Next time it will be worse. We march on London!" OH, NO!
Yes! The World's top nuclear scientists are here for a conference. IT'S MY GUESS OUR FRIENDS INTEND SOME KIDNAPPING!
NTY 7.2.81

Doodlebug's POSTBAG

WIN £2 pocket money postal orders for every letter (or "doodle") printed on this page.

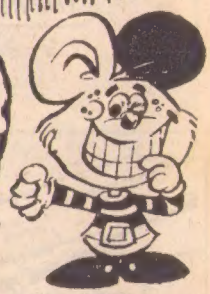


Who lie on the bottom of the sea and sing ? COD Stewart and SKATE Bush!

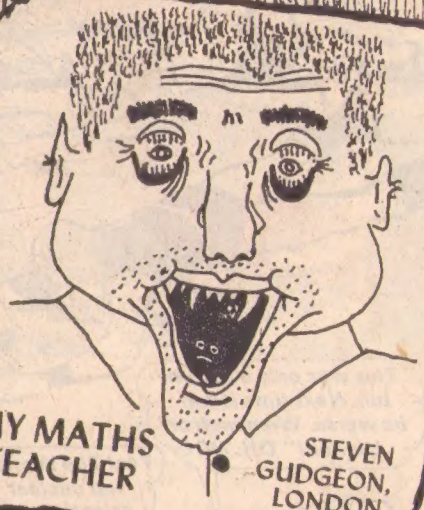
TIM BENNET, CHEADLE HULME, CHESHIRE.

Manager:- "Listen! Why don't you ever save anything?"
Goalkeeper:- "Huh! On the money you give me I can't afford to save anything!"
DYLAN RICHARDS, NORWICH.

Dear Doodlebug, Is this your shortest letter?
PETE GREEN, GRIMSBY.



Yes—and that was my shortest answer!



POET'S CORNER

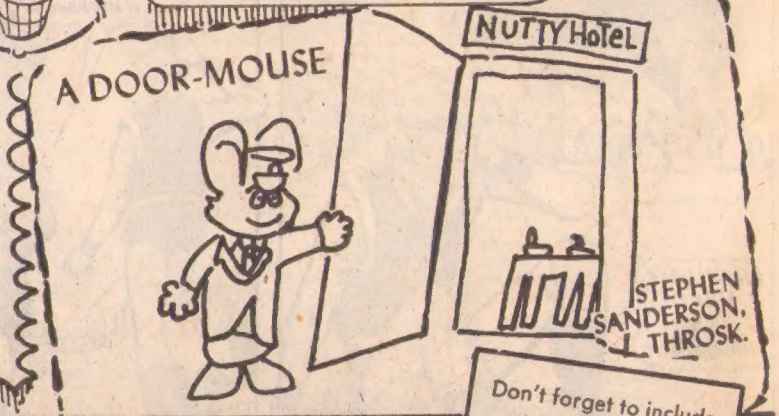
NUTTY is the greatest, NUTTY is the best
NUTTY always tops the list above all the rest.
I get it every Saturday
I read it through and through
And when I finish reading it my mother reads it too!

MOIRA MORRISON, ISLE OF LEWIS.

Thank you for your little verse. And what you have to say. I bet you wish that you could buy A NUTTY every day!

NTY 7.2.81

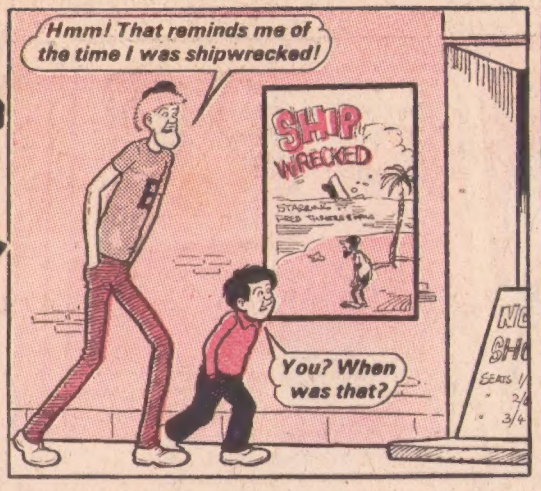
What is the difference between a postage stamp and a girl?
One is mail fee and the other is female!
P. THOMSON, LONDON.



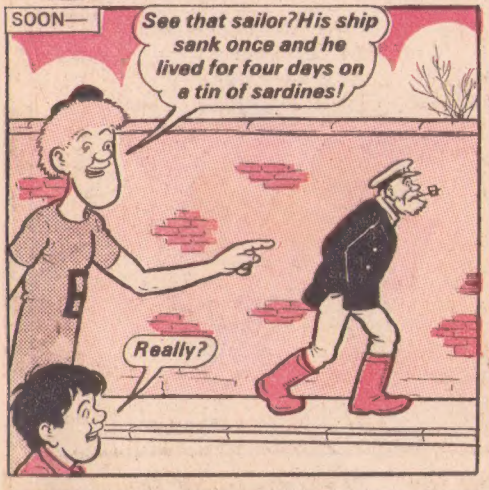
Don't forget to include your name and address when writing to Doodlebug!

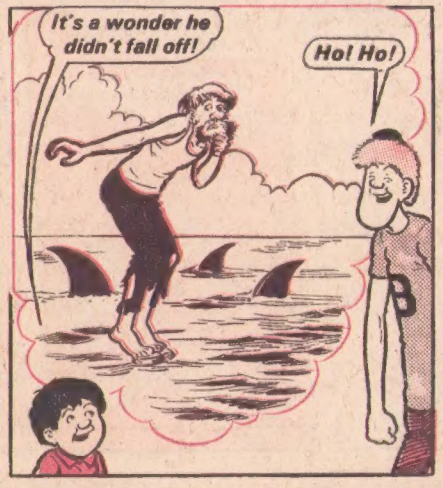
Send your "doodles," jokes, etc. (postcards are better) to me; Doodlebug, "NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263, 20 Cathcart St., Kentish Town, London, NW5 3BN. Remember—£2 Postal Order for every one printed. Don't dilly-dally—DOODLE!

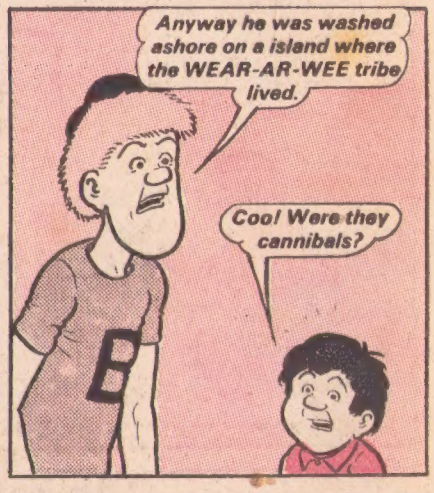
BIG 'N' BUD

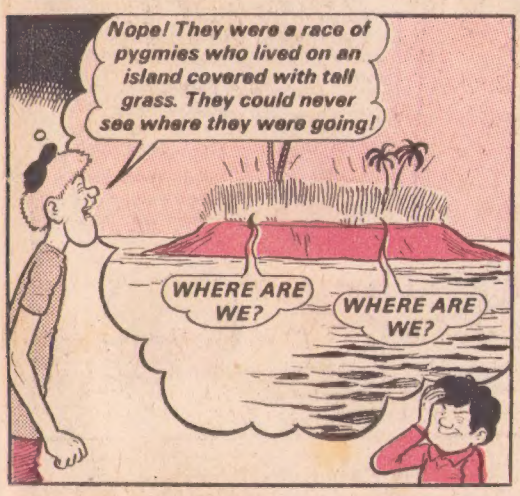

Hmm! That reminds me of the time I was shipwrecked!
SHIP WRECKED
You? When was that?

Oh, a few years ago. I just found a bar of soap and WASHED MYSELF ASHORE!
Ooh! That's an old one, Big!

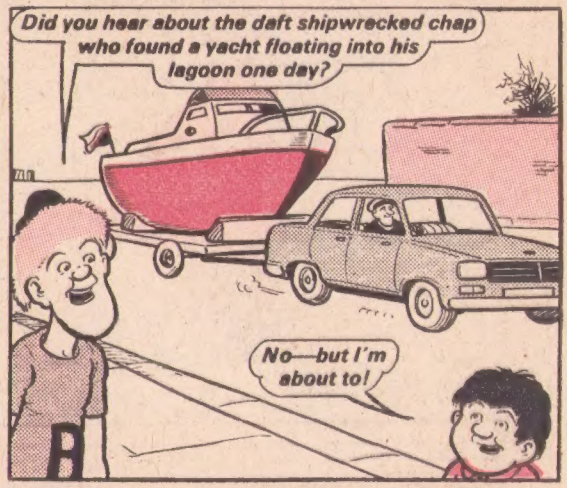

SOON—
See that sailor? His ship sank once and he lived for four days on a tin of sardines!
Really?

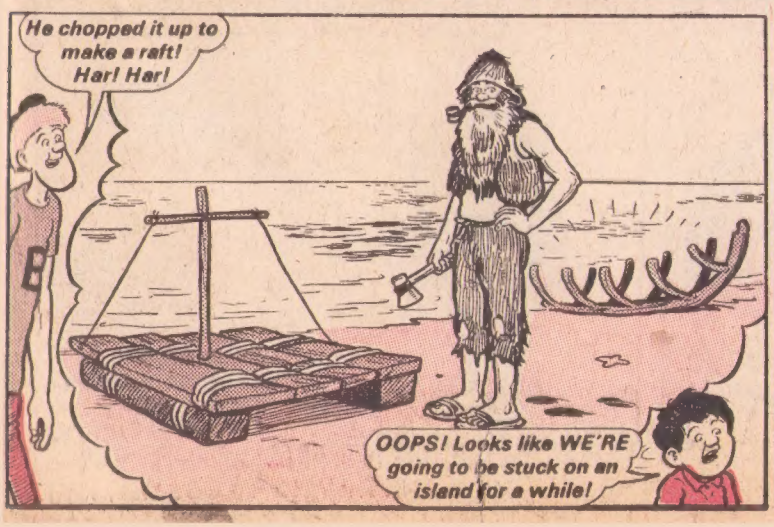

It's a wonder he didn't fall off!
Ho! Ho!

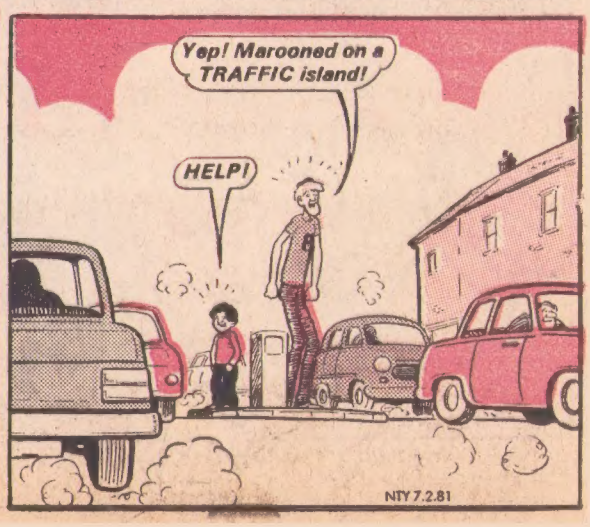

Anyway he was washed ashore on a island where the WEAR-AR-WEE tribe lived.
Coo! Were they cannibals?


Nope! They were a race of pygmies who lived on an island covered with tall grass. They could never see where they were going!
WHERE ARE WE?
WHERE ARE WE?

"WHERE ARE WE?" WEAR-AR-WEE? GET IT?
I get it!


Did you hear about the daft shipwrecked chap who found a yacht floating into his lagoon one day?
No—but I'm about to!


He chopped it up to make a raft! Har! Har!
OOPS! Looks like WE'RE going to be stuck on an island for a while!


Yep! Marooned on a TRAFFIC island!
HELP!
NTY 7.2.81

Continued from front page.
Now for the first stage in my master plan to turn the world into the biggest apple in the Universe!
SHORTLY—
SIGH! Isn't nature wonderful? The fresh green trees, the lush green grass . . .
. . . That little green lady taking her cute green dog for a walk . . .
. . . LITTLE GREEN LADY? CUTE GREEN DOG? Wait a minute— my instincts tell me there's something wrong here!
WHAT A MIND! WHAT A BRAIN! WOTTA TWIT!
OUTSIDE—
YIKES! What's going on?
TIME FOR A SPECIAL BANANA—
This looks like a job for . . .
. . . BANANAMAN! GROOGH! Even that 'nana was a bit on the green side!
MOMENTS LATER—
Aha! This looks like the source of the greeniness!
Ahem! Pardon me, old chap . . .
Eh?
. . . 'Ave you got a licence to do this 'ere spraying? And, more important, is it a COLOUR licence, 'cos if you haven't . . .
BANANAMAN! I was wondering when you'd show up.
But you won't stop me from ruling the World—TAKE THAT!
HEY! Watch what you're doin' with that green stuff!
As long as you remain that colour, you're in my power, so be a good chap and wait there while I turn the world green with envy! YURK! YURK!
I can't move!
LOOKS LIKE OUR HERO'S MET HIS MATCH. DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S " NUTTY " FOR PART TWO.

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